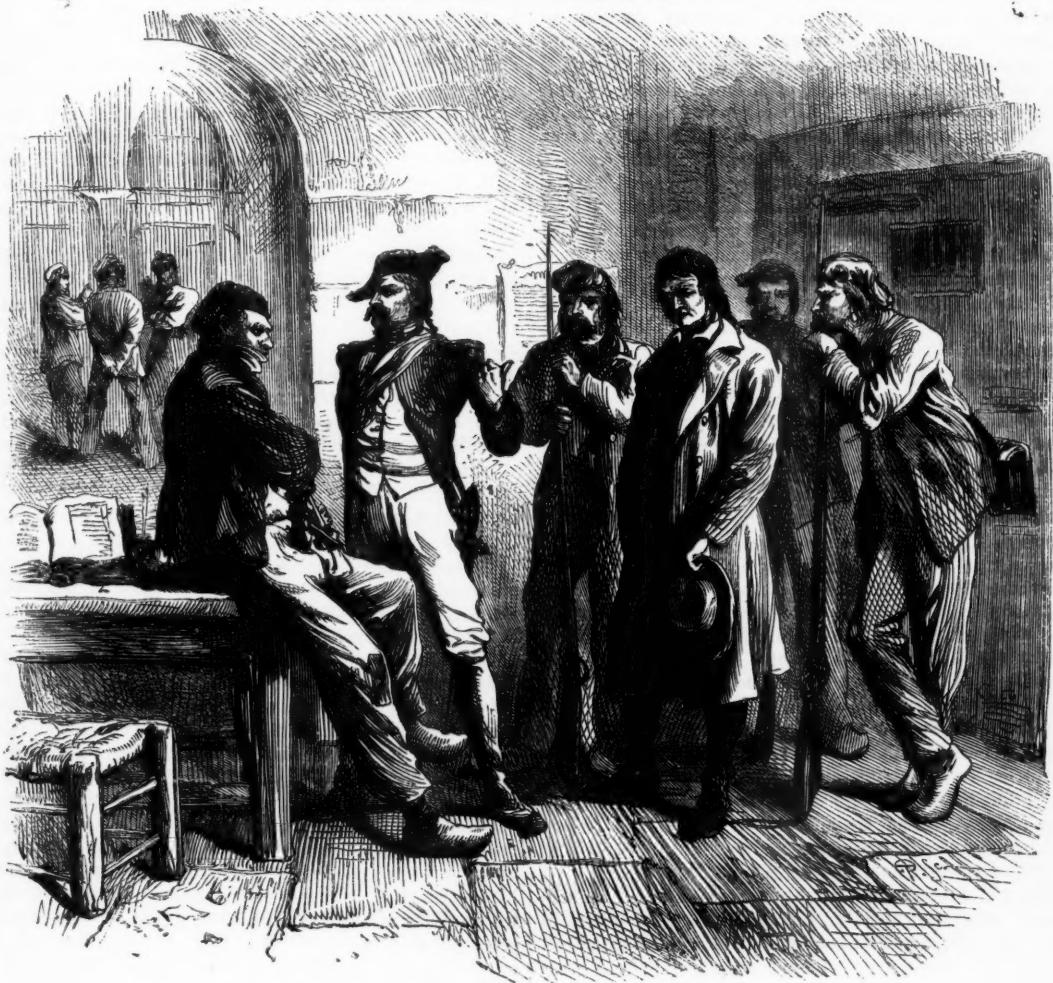


October 1, 1867.

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Couper.*



IN THE PRISON OF THE ABBAYE.

THE EXILE'S TRUST:

A TALE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER III.

THE night was glorious with stars, and sweet with the lingering scents and latest flowers of summer; but Jules Dubois saw not its beauty as he was marched away by the red-capped band. The simple, honest, home-loving man felt that he was going to execution in the far-off city which he had never seen, and had heard of in latter days only as the high place of the Convention and the guillotine. The conviction seemed to stupefy

him. After taking leave of his family, he never looked up till they had gone some way along the grassy banks of La Brice, where, at a bend of the river overhung by tall trees, a boat with two rowers lay in readiness to take the whole party. As he stepped in at the leader's command, Jules cast a farewell glance on the turrets of the old château, where they rose above grove and orchard; on the spire of the ancient church, keeping watch between the graves and the sky; on the low roofs of the sleeping village; and he sat down in the belief that he would never see them more.

The boat went rapidly down the stream; for La Brice

had a strong current, and bore them away from the forest country with little exertion of the rowers' strength or skill, till its waters met and mingled with those of the Seine, some leagues below Rouen. Most of the Norman "suspects," as people presumedly disaffected to the Republic were called, were brought to trial in that famous capital of their province; but Jules was a more important offender in the eyes of the powerful Citizen Renne, and it suited the latter's purpose to send him to Paris. Accordingly, he was transferred to a large and lumbering river barge, which went up the Seine in the manner of our canal boats, and came down again with its current, which was thought good river navigation at the time. But only three of the band went with him, by way of guard, and the leader was one of them. He had taken a sort of fancy to his prisoner, for keeping quiet and giving him no trouble; and these were strong recommendations to his favour: for the man's days were divided between the service of his evil employers and the juice of the grape. His pocket was never without a flask, and the flask was no sooner filled than it was emptied. At every town or village in the slow vessel's route, which showed the smallest appearance of a wine-shop, he landed to obtain another supply, and was liberal enough to share the wine with his companions and with Jules, but in rather small proportions to his own consumption. Under its influence he was still more liberal of conversation, which at one stage of his drinking was devoted to the great things he would do if placed at the head of the Mountain, the most violent and lawless of all the revolutionary parties; and at a more advanced stage occupied with fond recollections of his daughter Louise, who had died in her childhood twenty years before. He had found a remarkable likeness between her picture in his memory and the face of Lucelle Dubois, and almost respected Jules for being the girl's father. Moreover, Jules was an excellent listener, and did not require too much of his wine for the service, as his two subordinates were apt to do; so he discoursed chiefly to the prisoner on those chosen themes of his: but never a word escaped him of his own doings before the revolution time, of his early home, or of the child's mother; and the only glimpse of his history Jules got was, that the subordinates called him Citizen Chamone, and, when the wine ran high among them, the Monk.

Being a prudent man, Jules asked no questions, though he might have ventured on some inquiry, from the friendly footing on which he and his captor had got; but his own affairs and his own danger occupied the Norman peasant's mind, and on that subject Citizen Chamone was friendly and encouraging too.

"The case is against you, Dubois," he would say, "though I'll warrant you're a good citizen, and no helper of aristocrats; but honest men get suspected in certain situations. You bought the lands and the château with your own money: I am sure you did; and great saving it must have been to get the like out of your Norman farm; but I doubt it will be harder work to make the Convention believe your story, except you get some man of influence to support you; and nobody can do that like the Citizen Renne. He is of your own forest country, and must know what character you bear among the people. He is hand-in-glove with Robespierre, Danton, and all the leading men. Take my advice, and put yourself into his hands. He'll undertake anything for a man from his native place; so, be advised, if you want to keep your head on your shoulders, friend. Heads are apt to slip away from their owners at a wonderful rate in these times."

"They do," thought Jules, getting enlightened on the

real cause of his arrest by the talk of the agent; "and mine will slip away with the help of Citizen Renne. My noble Sieur, now safe in England—for which Providence be praised—said the Citizen Renne would hunt him to the guillotine for the sake of his estate, and now he means to hunt me in the Sieur's room."

Bat not a word of those bitter thoughts did the prudent Jules utter. He said the Citizen Renne was doubtless a man of great influence. He had heard as much in the forest country, and would be thankful for his good word; but he had brought papers with him which would prove that he had bought the lands and château of Devigne by fair bargain, without any underhand design of helping the enemies of the Republic. He had a certificate of good citizenship also; and if there were justice in the Convention his head was safe enough.

"I hope it is, friend," said Chamone; "but papers and certificates don't always make justice sure. Take my advice, and apply to Renne as soon as you can. I speak to you as a sensible fellow, and the father of that fair-haired child I promised to send you back to safe and well, for the sake of my lost Louise; and, if you have a mind that I should fulfil that promise, let me go and tell Renne you want his help, the moment we get to Paris, for he will be there before us."

Jules tacitly agreed to this friendly proposal, though he well knew its drift was to place him and the Devigne estate in Citizen Renne's power; and that his trust and his life should go together was the man's fixed resolution. Every league of that noble river, every town or village on its banks which the slow barge lumbered by, seemed to bring him nearer to death and doom; yet, such is the effect of steadily contemplating the most terrible prospect, that Jules reached the Norman quay, which was then near enough to the Place-de-Grève to let the chop of the guillotine be heard in quiet mornings, with a mind made strong by the courage of despair.

Once, in Jules Dubois's day, before the time of his arrest, a journey to Paris would have been an idea too grand and glorious for him to entertain. His travels had never extended beyond the two small and ancient towns of Alençon and Domfront, the only market-places in his forest country. Had such a journey taken place in the quiet times of his youth, what a man of knowledge and of wonder it would have made him in his native village—one who had seen and could tell of the great and famous capital, where the wealth and power of the land were gathered together, and kings and nobles dwelt! But all that was changed. Paris, for him, contained only the Convention and the guillotine; and in the after years which Jules lived to see, the chief city of his nation was a name and a memory of terror, on which the most ingenuous of his neighbours could not get him to enlarge. No warrant of commitment was required under the rule of the Convention. His guards at once conducted Jules to the Abbaye. He had heard of that prison in his far-away village, as the one from which most people went to execution; and the sound of its massive gate closing upon him sent a chill to his heart; but Chamone said in a whisper, "Keep your spirits up. I think you'll get out safe if you do as Renne bids you;" and, turning to the hard-looking man who locked the gate like one who rather preferred that business, he said, familiarly, "Brutus, this is a friend of mine not used to prison life. He comes from the forest country of Lower Normandy, and knows nothing of Paris tricks. I promise you he'll give you no trouble trying to escape; and you'll be civil to him, Brutus, for all the wine we have had together."

The hard-looking man gave a sort of assenting nod, beckoned to one very like himself—there were some dozen of them lounging about the court-yard—and bade him take Jules to the first ward. “Good-bye,” said Chamone, seating himself on a stone bench, and commencing a friendly conversation with the prison-keepers, among whom he seemed quite at home; and the first piece of news they told him, and the last of their talk that Jules heard was, that twenty-two Girondists had gone to the guillotine the preceding day, and they thought there were some more going to-morrow. With that intelligence ringing in his ears, and wondering who the Girondists were, and what they had done—for the fame of that luckless party had never reached the forest—Jules was conducted into a sort of office, where an old man in a white blouse and a red cap demanded his name, his age, his calling, and the place of his birth, and wrote down his replies in a large black book, while the turnkey stood by humming to himself a song of the day, the refrain of which was, “Death to the people’s enemies.” That turnkey was a zealous servant of the Republic, and a wit in his own estimation. When the entries concerning Jules were duly made, he led him through a long stone passage, with massive doors and mighty locks and bars on them at either end, the last opening on a large room with high grated windows, through which the November day shone like a dreary twilight. It had no furniture but one long table, some bare benches, and a heap of straw in every corner; but on the benches and on the straw men were sitting in many a listless attitude; and, pushing Jules in with “Gentlemen, an addition to your company,” the witty turnkey banged the heavy door, and made fast both bolt and lock.

It is a strange experience to hear a prison door bolted and locked on a man for the first time: it was an overwhelming one to Jules Dubois; he walked mechanically to the nearest bench and sat down, but it was some minutes before he could collect his senses sufficiently to observe the scene and the people around him. The occupants of that cheerless prison-room, which a better antiquary than Jules would have known to be the refectory of the ancient Abbey, were some forty in number. Men of all ages and of all ranks they seemed; there were mere youths, and heads that time had completely silvered; some that looked like nobles of the land, some that looked like artisans; there were priests and soldiers, merchants and peasants. Some sat in groups conversing, and some sat solitary; two or three were looking over written papers; two or three were writing on boards placed on their knees, and one group at the foot of the long table were entertaining themselves with a game of cards. The entrance of a new prisoner attracted very little attention: they were accustomed to the thing; and when Jules had found his eyes and ears again, it surprised him to see how little appearance of trouble or anxiety there was among them. There was no hope in their faces, but there was no fear; the terrible time had this result with men in every position, that danger, and even death, in a manner, lost his terrors; but the ease and courtesy of the national manners remained. One group invited Jules to share their bench, which was more comfortable than his own; another made room for him on their heap of straw; and one old peasant, hearing his northern accent, inquired if he knew the neighbourhood of St. Malo, in Brittany, or could tell him any news of the wife and children he had left in his cottage there seven months ago. Seven months was a long time to be in prison; but Jules found out that some of his present companions had been over a year in the Abbey; some had been only a few days, but all seemed to have become equally accustomed

to the situation; and it was astonishing with what composure they talked of those who had been brought before the Convention one day, and the next carried away in the tumbrel to the Place-de-Grève. “Will that be my fate?” thought Jules. None of his fellow-prisoners could give him hopes that it would not, when, for want of better counsellors, he laid his case before them. Most of them had evidence quite as satisfactory of their own innocence, yet not one appeared to expect an acquittal. The name of Citizen Renne was known to them all, and they united in assuring Jules that he had influence enough to save or destroy him, according as it might serve his interest; for nobody suspected Renne of any other motive.

“He has got the patronage of Marat for the help he gave in ruining the Girondists, and that will enable him to do any mischief,” said a man whose black hair was silvered, though he seemed in the prime of life, and whose dress told of rank and fashion, though it was worn threadbare. He had been a member of the National Assembly, and was now thirteen months in the Abbey. Limited as Jules’s own education was, he judged, from the deference with which his opinions were listened to, that this man must be well acquainted with public affairs; and his account of Renne was anything but encouraging to the poor Norman peasant. In his forest village Jules had heard of the name and doings of Marat, as most people in France had at the time, and as history has kept the blackness of his memory—one of those few and evil men who took advantage of the national confusion to establish their own power by the destruction of all who opposed them or their creatures, and ruled one after another through those three years of bloodshed known as the Reign of Terror.

“If Renne has set his mind on the Devigne lands, my time is come,” said Jules.

“Give them up to him, friend, and retire to your old cottage, if he will let you,” said the man with the whitening hair; “better live in peace as a poor peasant, than hold by lands and château which you must die for;” and Jules made no reply, for the adviser knew nothing of the contract between him and the absent Sieur.

The day passed and the night came. How long that first day and night of imprisonment seemed to the forest man! but days and nights succeeded each other, and he was still in that great dreary room with high grated windows and fast locked door. His companions were still the same in number; but almost every day some of the old faces went and as many new ones came. He saw the latter turned in at all hours, exactly as himself had been; he heard the former called by some turnkey, two or three in a morning; they went out at the guarded door, and some of them never came back; but others did, to take leave of their prison friends—few seemed to have any besides—to be called out next morning; and then Jules heard the roar of an excited mob, and the heavy roll of the tumbrel. Day after day he waited in terrible suspense, expecting to hear his own name called at the dreadful door; but no summons came for him. Jules did not get reconciled to the place, but he grew accustomed; and as the Convention did not seem in a hurry to try him, his quiet, hopeful nature began to take heart again. He inspected his papers with great care and some satisfaction; he prepared elaborate defences for himself, though repeatedly told that suspected men seldom got a hearing; and lastly, Jules, like other men in the worst of their fortunes, took to the best resource, because other help failed him; for he said his prayers at the heap of straw in the corner of the prison-room, more earnestly and devoutly than ever he

had done by his own safe and quiet bed in St. Renne. There were none of the prisoners that said prayers but himself and the old man from Brittany. Like Jules, he was the only provincial there, and had left his home near St. Malo, and journeyed all the way to Paris to inquire after his only brother, who had joined the Vendéans; and for that inquiry the simple peasant had been sent to the Abbey. A sort of friendship grew up between Jules and that old man. Their Norman and Breton dialects differed somewhat, but they could understand each other, and their minds and modes of thinking came still nearer. They had both fields and families far away, to talk of and grieve for; they were both poor men, arrested on suspicion of concern in matters they knew nothing about. All the rest of the prisoners belonged to Paris or its vicinity, and also to one or other of the political parties which divided their land; they were of all shades of opinion—Royalists and Republicans, Communists and Jacobins; most of them had plans for the regeneration of France, if not for that of the world; and some had taken an active part in the great movements of the Revolution. Yet a common misfortune seemed to have taught them all the virtue of moderation, unknown as it was beyond the prison walls; they had much argument and much speculation, but no strife among them; men who had denounced each other in public exchanged civilities in the Abbey, and probably there was more peace and toleration in her prisons at the period than in all the rest of France. Jules and his Breton friend were the only men in the ward who prayed, at least openly—such was the unhappy turn and temper of the times; yet nobody called them superstitious, as they would have done outside; indeed, nobody appeared to notice the prayers of the poor peasants, except a young soldier, who used to look up at them from the bench where he generally slept, and say, "Gentlemen, do remember me; my mother used to pray for me, but she is gone, and there is nobody to do it now." Jules had not moral courage enough to advise the young man to pray for himself. Over-caution keeps many a one from doing his duty; but he thought how wisely the Sieur's old nurse, Ninette, would have spoken to him, and quoted texts from her Huguenot Bible; and then he fell asleep on the prison straw, to dream of her spinning by the old fireside, and teaching his little Lucelle.

From that dream Jules was suddenly awoken by a heavy hand laid on his shoulder, and a hoarse voice saying in his ear, "Jules Dubois, rise and follow me." He looked up, and saw, by the faint light of a dark lantern, the gaoler to whom Chamone had in a manner introduced him at the prison gate, and spoken so familiarly, by the name of Brutus. It was an affectionate of the Jacobin party, in the fulness of their fanaticism, to adopt the name of the Roman hero who struck down the first Caesar, by way of showing their love of liberty and hatred of kings; and Citizen Brutus Lenoir had followed the popular fashion, as became the chief gaoler of the Abbey. He must have turned the lock, and drawn the bolts which made fast that ponderous door, with surprisingly little noise, for none of the prisoners seemed to be disturbed. Jules thought there was not one awake but himself; and for what was he summoned to follow the gaoler at dead of night? but follow he must, and follow he did, trying hard to bless himself, but not a word of blessing or prayer could the unlucky man remember. His knees knocked together as he saw the gaoler lock and bar the door, and then conduct him through the long stone passage and across the court-yard, to a small side-door, in what part of the building he knew not; but it opened on a steep stair, at the top of

which Jules was led into a small room with a low ceiling and a bright wood fire, and seated by the cheerful blaze was his old acquaintance Chamone.

"There he is for you," said the gaoler; "and I'll come back in an hour. Remember to finish your conference by that time, for I must get to bed; there is not a man in France, below the chiefs of the Republic, I would have left my hot brandy for at this hour but yourself;" and Citizen Lenoir closed the room door and locked it outside.

"Jules, my friend, how do you do?" said Chamone, shaking hands with Dubois, and looking really glad to see him. "You stand the Abbey wonderfully, I must say, for a man fetched from the forest; but you must be tired enough of it by this time. Sit down and let us talk; I have been at St. Renne, and seen all your people."

"Are they well?" said Jules, as another fear crept over him, not for himself, but for those he had left at home.

"They are; I saw them every one only a week ago: the two Closnets, the poor nobody—I don't know his name—the old woman, and your own little one."

"God bless you for bringing me such good news of them; and can you tell me have they got the wheat well covered, and the sheep brought in for the winter?" After his family, Jules prudently thought of his worldly affairs.

"I'll warrant they have; but I forgot to inquire, not being in the farming line myself. But, Jules, wouldn't you like to get safe out of this prison, and back to the old place, to see your old neighbours, and sit with your own people by your own fireside, where the light would fall on the light-brown curls and the rosy face of your little one? Isn't her name Lucelle? You should have called her Louise; I always will. She asked me, oh! so earnestly, where I had left her father, and I told her you were in Paris, lodged in a great house twice as large and grand as the château. That was the handsome side of the truth, wasn't it, Jules? but it cheered up the little one, and she promised to do anything for me if I would bring you back;" and Chamone looked him keenly in the face, as if to see what effect his words had produced.

"My poor child!" said Jules; and the forest man found it hard work to keep the tears out of his eyes, as fond recollections of his home and all he had left there rushed upon his mind.

"She would dance for joy to see you; and you would be in the dancing line too, my friend, now I have found a way for you to get safe back. I haven't been idle all this time, you see; and you ought to think yourself the luckiest man in the world," said Chamone. "Citizen Renne will take up your cause. Remember, he is the man that can do it or anything else just now. He serves Marat, and Marat will serve him. Of all the chiefs, he stands best by his own, and Renne is sure of moving the Convention that way. You couldn't escape without his help, Jules. Every man in authority suspects you of being in league with Devigne, and he is known to be one of the emigrants who went to stir up England against the Republic. Those papers of yours would be worth nothing before the Convention. You would be condemned without a hearing, as many a less suspected man was; but Renne will stand your friend on what I think very liberal conditions. He proposes to relieve you from all risk and responsibility, by buying Devigne's lands and château off your hands. He will give you five per cent. above the money you paid for them—half down and half secured upon his bond—and engage to get you clear off from the Convention and my friend Brutus Lenoir, and send you home a free man,

with money in your purse to stock your old farm as it was never stocked before, and a friend in high quarters in case any one should offend you in the forest."

Jules had been listening with an ear that drank in every word, and a mind that took in its full meaning. The offer of freedom and safety was a strong temptation, and of Renne's power he had heard too much to doubt; but his faith to that covenant made among the graves at midnight triumphed before Chamone had well finished, and, looking straight into the fire, he said, in his own slow, determined manner, "I will not sell the lands or the château."

"Jules Dubois, what lunatic asylum do you mean to end your days in? for surely nothing but madness could prompt a man in your position to talk of not selling. Why, man, 'tis the only way to save your life," cried Chamone; "and very generous it is of Citizen Renne to take such cost and trouble on himself for the purpose of saving you. Some people are ungrateful."

"No doubt it is generous of him;" and Jules continued to look into the fire; "but I cannot and I will not part with my property."

"And what good will your property do you when you are lying headless under the quicklime in the pits of St. Denis? That's the sort of funeral the tools of the aristocrats get. And what good will it do your child? A word from Renne—and you can't expect him to be over-partial to you and yours, after refusing his liberal offer—would send a company of Carrier's men to burn the château, with all it contains, some night, as they did many a better house in Normandy. See what a fine prospect you are making ready for yourself and your family," said Chamone, with a ferocious sneer.

Jules had got but a peasant's schooling; yet he was not deficient in understanding, and at once perceived that Citizen Renne's ambassador intended to frighten him. The sense and courage of his Norman race rose against such imposition, and, turning from the fire to Chamone, he said, "Stop, friend! Carrier's men have never ventured to do their night work in the forest; if they did, I have no doubt that my old neighbours, the brave peasants of St. Renne, would stand by me and mine. For myself, I am here with good evidence of my honest purchase and goodwill to the Republic, and I will take my chance of acquittal or condemnation, as God wills it; but, with his help, I will never sell the house and lands of Devigne."

"My dear fellow," said Chamone, assuming an easy, scornful tone, "you show the imperfection of your forest education. Nobody talks of God now, but old women and priests going to the guillotine."

"All the worse for the land. That is why wicked men are allowed to rule in it!" cried Jules, his spirit rising above his habitual caution; "but I believe in the Almighty, as I was taught in my youth, and I know that he can set me free, in spite of Renne and all the men of the Convention."

"I told you nothing could be made of that fellow," said a voice behind him; and there stood Citizen Brutus in the open door.

"Since that is your resolution, farewell, unfortunate man!" said Chamone, making believe to wipe his eyes, though there was no sign of tears in them. "I am sorry for you. I would have saved you if I could; but the Fates will have their way. I suppose I may tell the people at home that you died like a Christian? It will please the old woman. All her sort are superstitious; but how will the child take it?"

"How she chooses," cried Citizen Brutus; "but I must take this man, and send you about your business."

The hot brandy had evidently submerged his dignity and loosened his tongue. He led Jules back to the prison-room, with a continuous whisper about the gratitude which he and Chamone owed to him for letting them meet at all; but his practised hand opened the well-fastened door with uncommon quietness, thrust Jules in without light, except that which struggled through the grated windows from the street lamps or the sky, secured bolt and lock again, and retired as quietly as he came.

GÖTTINGEN AND ITS UNIVERSITY.

GÖTTINGEN is about sixty miles south of Hanover, two or three hours' ride by the train. The first thing that strikes the visitor upon leaving the station is the prevalence of tall poplar-trees. Having walked about a hundred yards, the ramparts are reached. Göttingen was anciently a fortified city. The ramparts have, however, been lowered and planted with trees, so as to form a most pleasant avenue and promenade. Another thing, which is especially remarkable, is the air of almost oppressive stillness which prevails, notwithstanding the number of *burschen*, or undergraduates. Göttingen is not, however, a place of commerce, although there are manufactories of woollen and linen stoffs, iron and steel, and musical and surgical instruments. The number of the inhabitants was, in 1849, 10,174. Its present population is about 12,000. It is as a seat of learning that Göttingen is so widely famous. There are here five printing establishments, the most celebrated, perhaps, being that of W. F. Kaestner. The publishing house of Messrs. Vandenhoeck and Ruprecht is also important.

The public buildings are not especially remarkable, nor are the houses particularly quaint in their architecture. Perhaps the most picturesque and antique building in Göttingen is the Rathhaus, or court-house, a castellated structure in the Marktplatz, or market-place. In the centre of the market-place there is a fountain. Behind the Rathhaus is the Jacobs-Kirche, or St. James's Church, with its two towers. There are four gates to the town, which take their names from the village respectively nearest to each. Not far from the Weender Thor(gate or door), leading to the Weender Strasse, there has been built what is called the Auditorium, a handsome structure in which the university lectures are delivered. It is frequently called the university, being, in fact, a newer and more commodious building than that erected in 1837.

The University of Göttingen was founded in 1737, by George II, at the suggestion of his minister, Baron Münchhausen, and speedily came to occupy the proud position of the first university in Germany. By the constitution of the 26th of September, 1833, sanctioned by William IV, King of Great Britain, the university sent one out of nine deputies to the lower house of the Hanoverian parliament. The university is very richly endowed out of certain ecclesiastical estates. It was re-chartered in the year 1836 as a Royal University, under the title of *Universitas Georgia Augusta*, which title it still retains. His Majesty the King of Hanover became hereditary rector under the style and title of *Rector Magnificentissimus*. I suppose the King of Prussia "annexes" this with other Hanoverian titles. Next under his Majesty the King is the vice-chancellor, sub-rector, or, as he is called, the pro-rector, under the style of *Pro-rector Magnificus*. This office is filled

from among the ordinary public professors by election, and is of importance, as the pro-rector is by virtue of his office the supremo magistrate and president of several courts and commissions.

The *Senatus Academicus* is constituted of a president and fellows. The pro-rector is president of the senate in the absence of the King. The fellows are (1) the two university councillors (who are also magistrates of the Universitäts-Gericht, or Court of the University); and (2) the whole of the ordinary public professors.

The University Court divides itself into two departments—the one for administration, the other for judgment upon offences against the law of police. The officers of this court are the pro-rector, the two university councillors, a *universitäts-richter*, or university judge, a secretary, and an actuary or clerk.

There is also a university prison—*kerker*—to which, upon the judgment of this court, refractory students are sometimes committed. Imprisonments for a term of ten days are by no means uncommon. The walls are inscribed with numerous effusions, poetical or prosaic, according as the occasion happened to be suggestive to the prisoners.

The professors are of two classes—viz., ordinary and extraordinary. The ordinary public professors are in receipt of stipend, being paid for their daily prelections out of the endowments of the university, or the funds supplied from the state. Their incomes vary from £80 to £350 per annum. The annual expenditure of the university is about £50,000. There are at the present time fifty-one professors in ordinary, of whom twenty-seven belong to the faculty of philosophy!

The professors extraordinary, or titular professors, differ from the ordinary professors in not receiving pay for their daily lectures. There are twenty-four professors extraordinary, thirteen of whom belong to the department of philosophy.

The total number of the professors in the university is, therefore, seventy-five. In addition to these, however, there are also thirty-four university tutors in the four faculties.

The following table shows the number of professors in the chief universities of the United Kingdom, as compared with the corresponding number of professors at Göttingen:—

UNIVERSITY.	PROFESSORS.
1. Göttingen	75
2. Oxford	41
3. Edinburgh	32
4. Cambridge	29
5. Glasgow	29
6. Dublin	23
7. Aberdeen	21
8. St. Andrew's	15
9. Durham	3

The only university in Germany which can be regarded as being in any degree a rival to Göttingen is the modern (founded in 1809) Metropolitical University of Berlin. With this exception, the University of Göttingen may be considered as the first university in Germany. Its celebrity has been said to rest mainly upon its philosophical department or faculty; but it has a rising reputation as a school of medicine. The number of its law-students has also always been very large; while very eminent names occur among the professors both of the faculties of law and divinity.

His late Majesty King William IV, to whom a statue has been erected, gave towards the cost of a suitable building for the university the sum of £3,000; and this

was completed and opened in 1837—one year after the granting by his Majesty of the new charter. The *aula*, or university hall, in which degrees are conferred, is an apartment somewhat like the senate-house at Cambridge. It is richly gilded and decorated, and hung with royal and other portraits. At the far end of this room there is erected a throne or dais handsomely carpeted. At right angles with this hall, and at its very entrance, is another apartment where the medical degrees are conferred.

There are four faculties—those respectively of divinity, law, medicine, and philosophy. A limited number of the ordinary professors in each faculty constitutes the faculty proper, which has the power of conferring the degrees pertaining severally to the four faculties. These members of the faculty have the style and title of "their honours." There is also a dean to each faculty, who presides over the faculty, and who, concurrently with the rector, and the pro-rector, bestows the degrees pertaining to his department. These deans of faculties are elected from among the ordinary professors.

In the faculty of theology there are seven ordinary public professors, three extraordinary or titular professors, and four authorised tutors. There are two grades in theology, those of "bachelor" and "doctor."

Among the professors of this faculty are the Protestant Abbot Ehrenfeuchter, who is also a councillor of the Upper Consistory. The name of Professor Dr. Wiesinger is also well known as that of a learned commentator. Among Englishmen who have graduated in this faculty may be named the erudite Egyptologist, the Venerable Archdeacon Tattam, Archdeacon of Bedfordshire.

In the faculty of law* there are eight ordinary public professors, five only of whom constitute the faculty proper. There are, in addition, four professors extraordinary, and two tutors. These professors number among them some of the most eminent legal authorities, as Professor Hartmann, a well-known writer on Roman law and antiquities, and editor of Mommsen, but lately himself a professor at Göttingen; and Professors Brüggen, Zacharias, Ribbentrop, Hermann, and others, all eminent in the law. The number of law-students is always large.

In the faculty of medicine there are nine ordinary professors, four professors extraordinary, and seven tutors. In connexion with this department there is an Institute of Anatomy, a Physiological Institute, the Ernest-Augustus Hospital, a Lying-in Hospital, an Institute of Pathology, and a Veterinary College. It is enough simply to mention the names of Marx, Wöhler, Baum, Stromeyer, Hasse, and Meissner among the professors.

The faculty of philosophy is the most important in the university. There are twenty-seven ordinary public professors, of whom eight only constitute the faculty proper. There are also thirteen professors extraordinary and twenty-one authorised tutors. The standard to be reached in this, as in the other three faculties, in order to gaining a degree, is very high; the university being too justly jealous of its own distinguished repute to make its honours easy.

Among the studies of this department are the mathematics, mathematical and experimental physics, oriental and occidental languages and literatures, history, metaphysics, ethics, political science, anthropology, ethnology, archaeology, diplomacy, science of finance (*Cameralia*),

* There first for thee my passion grew,
Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!
Thou wast the daughter of my Tu-
-tor, Law Professor at the U-
-niversity of Göttingen,
University of Göttingen.

—*Beauties of the Anti-Jacobin.*

chemistry, agriculture, geography, geology, palaeontology, botany, zoology, astronomy, and, in brief, the whole scheme of the physical and biological sciences. It is interesting to know that in one English university—the University of London*—two degrees have been established, the doctorates in science and literature, which correspond closely with the doctorate in philosophy, both as to the subjects of examination and the extent of knowledge required. In fact, the London D. Sc. and D. Lit. are conceived entirely upon the plan of the Ph. D. And here we may remark that a Ph. D. from a good university is—except when bestowed *honoris causa*—never conferred except for competent attainments in some one of the above-named classes of subjects. The doctor in philosophy must have mastered some one of the great groups of human knowledge, and that, too, to the satisfaction of a board of examiners of the severest and most extensive scholarship. It is enough to mention, in connection with the faculty of philosophy at Göttingen, the names of such professors as Drs. Curtius and Wieseler, Leutsch and Rost, Ulrich and Weber, Wüstenfeld and Ewald, and the renowned Sanscrit editor, grammarian, and lexicographer, Theodore Benfey. The name of Weber is well known. Weber is Director of the Astronomical and Magnetical Observatory, and is an Aulic Councillor. Professor Wüstenfeld is well known as a learned Arabic editor. Professor Ewald has, indeed, inclined too much to the advanced criticism of a certain German school; but, as a Semitic scholar, historian, and philologist, his fame is pre-eminent.

In connection with this faculty, there is a philological seminary, a seminary of pedagogy, a physical seminary, an astronomical and magnetic observatory, a physical cabinet, a model and machine cabinet, an archaeological-numismatic collection, an agricultural college, a chemical laboratory with three departments—viz., a general, a physiological, and an agricultural; a botanical garden, under the directorship of Professor Bartling, Ph. D., F.R.S.; a university herbarium, a university museum, and other special advantages for study.

As to the expense of students, it may be remarked that the lowest sum sufficient to carry a young man respectably through at the university is calculated to be about 400 thalers, or some £60 per annum. The students reside at accredited lodgings in the town, many living at the homes of the several professors. There is a lodgings-commissariat (*logis-commissariat*) in connection with the university, and a list is kept of the students and of their respective residences in the town, with the names of the persons with whom they lodge. This important matter is, therefore, under the control and supervision of the university authorities.

The number of students at Göttingen was, from 1822—1826, on an average about 1,481 annually. From 1831—1837, the number averaged 868 annually. From 1837 to 1845 the average was 636. The number of students entered for the half-year, from Easter to Michaelmas 1866, is 775. The following table, for the sake of comparison, shows the entries at Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin for the years 1844—1849:—

	OXFORD.	CAMBRIDGE.	DUBLIN.
1844	—	533	—
1845	433	527	336
1846	410	560	368
1847	406	515	371
1848	411	499	333
1849	440	—	329

Of the undergraduates and other students at present in the university, 155 are studying theology, 205 jurisprudence, 181 medicine, and 234 philosophy. In the cases of 12, matriculation has not been insisted upon. Of the 775 above mentioned, 447 are Hanoverians, 282 are from other German states.

As a curiosity of history, we give the following analysis of the last matriculation-list, before the Prussian amendment of German geography by the late war:—

Anhalt	2	Nassau	4
Baden	2	Austria	2
Bavaria	5	Oldenburg	14
Brunswick	47	PRUSSIA	56
Bremen	18	Saxony	10
Frankfort-on-the-Main	13	Saxe-Weimar, Coburg, Gotha,	
Hamburg	23	Meiningen, Altenburg	14
Hesse-Cassel	5	Schleswig-Holstein and Lauen-	
Hesse-Darmstadt	2	burg	8
Lippe-Detmold and Schaumburg	12	Schwartzburg-Sonderhausen and	
Lübeck	10	Rudolstadt	5
Mecklenburg-Schwerin and Strelitz	23	Waldeck	4
		Württemberg	3

Here it may be noticed that fifty-six from Prussia is a high number, considering the well-earned reputation of Berlin; many of the number, in fact, being from Berlin itself.

Göttingen, moreover, has always been remarkable for the number of foreigners among its *alumni*. In former years many Greeks and Swiss have been educated within its precincts. In the session, reckoning from Easter to Michaelmas, notwithstanding the disturbed state of political affairs upon the German continent, there were entered upon the books 46 from neither Hanoverian nor German countries. One was from Cæsarea, in Turkey, and one from Poland. There were also 2 from Holland; 2 from Hungary; 12 from Switzerland; 10 from Russia; 6 from England and Scotland (viz., 2 from Glasgow, 1 from Oxford, 1 from London, 1 from Maryport, and 1 from Blackburn); and 13 from America.

Of the present students, 227 and upwards have left other universities, either in Germany, Russia, Holland, England, Scotland, or America, in order to avail themselves of the eminent advantages afforded by this university. Here, too, all classes are brought into neighbourly and friendly contact. The following noblemen and distinguished personages were upon the books in Easter term, 1866—viz., His Serene Highness the Hereditary Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe; H.S.H. the Prince Hermann of Solms-Braunfels; the Counts von Beust, von Bernstorff, von Schall, von Stolberg, and von Seebach; and the Barons von Hammerstein, von den Pfordten, and Baron Grotthuss of Mitan, in Russia, besides others of distinguished station. At Michaelmas H.R.H. Prince William of Würtemberg, His Highness Eugenius Duke of Würtemberg, and the Baron von Weissenbach, with several gentlemen from France and other foreign states, were entered upon the matriculation books. There are in addition, as a rule, some non-matriculated auditors, chiefly lieutenants and captains in the army.

As among the former *alumni* of this university we may here mention, out of many more, the names of such political celebrities as H.M. Maximilian, King of Bavaria, Count Bismarck, and Baron von Gagern, Regent of the German Empire; such scholars as Bopp, Thiersch, Lepsius, Encke, Bunsen, Gotthelf; and such historians as Ritter, Bancroft, Raumer, Neander, and Lappenberg.

In addition to the institutions already named, there is in Göttingen a Royal Society of Sciences, of which Professor Marx, M.D., Aulic Councillor, etc., is the director, Professor Wöhler the secretary, and Professor Sauppe the *rédacteur*. The number of the fellows is by the constitution of the society limited.

* The University of Edinburgh has, we are glad to find, established a similar degree in science.

There is also in Göttingen a *Spruch-Collegium*, or Juridical College, the officers of which are (1) an ordinary (*ordinarius*), (2) a senior assessor, (3) six assessors in ordinary, (4) six assessors extraordinary, and (5) an actuary. Professor Zacharie, LL.D., one of the Councillors of State, is the present ordinary.

Perhaps, however, one of the most important institutions in connection with the university is the *Bibliothek*, or University Library, which contains a collection of some 50,000 volumes and 5,000 MSS., all admirably classified. The library is in what was once a handsome church, to which, however, as it was found to afford insufficient accommodation, newer buildings have been added.

There is also a university church, *Universitäts-Kirche*. The two university preachers are the Lutheran Abbot Ehrenfeuchter, D.D., Senior Professor in Ordinary of Divinity and Councillor of the Upper Consistory; and the second university preacher, Professor Wiesinger, D.D., Professor in Ordinary of Divinity, and Consistorial Councillor. Both these divines have made important additions to theological literature.

Having now animadverted upon some of the chief points of interest in connection with "Göttingen and its University," it may in conclusion be remarked that the German system of training and testing varies considerably from that generally adopted in England. In our own country, mere "*cramming*" prevails, to the detriment of really sound scholarship. Success in an English examination is chiefly a question of memory. The sturdiest *cram* usually comes off *facile princeps*. In Germany, upon the contrary, a different result is sought. The student aiming at success in a German university is expected to limit himself to one of the great groups of knowledge, and to discover a complete mastery of its facts and principles. The practical result is that the student finds himself possessed of a greater profundity of acquirements as a compensation for the limited range of study, and so is prepared to add to the literature of his subjects by individual and independent research.

The tree is generally known by its fruits; and, as thus tested, the German university system must be admitted to possess very eminent advantages. The German people are distinctively and nationally a scholarly people. Perhaps no nation has produced greater names—more splendid *savants*. And certainly few modern literatures can boast of such men as Klaproth, Bopp, the Humboldts, the Schlegels, and the Grimms—men of massive, encyclopaedic acquirements.

MEXICAN ANARCHY.

To give even the briefest sketch of the history of Mexico for the last sixty years would be a dreary task. Ever since the Declaration of Independence, in 1810, the country has been a scene of confusion and strife. From time to time a military leader has appeared, who for a brief interval maintained some show of order; but rarely have two years passed without a new civil war or a revolution. In fifty years there were no fewer than twenty-seven separate constitutions.* In the same time fifty-eight presidents held the supreme power; but not one man amongst them possessed the combined probity and vigour required to control and regenerate the Mexicans. Gradually all the bonds have been loosed by

* Were a bookseller in Mexico (if there is such a trade known there) asked for a copy of the last Constitution, he might have repeated the witty reply of the French publisher, before the days of the Empire, that he did not deal in periodical literature.

which men of the same nation are united to one another, and universal anarchy has prevailed. The example of disobedience and disorder has commonly been set by those who, knowing the responsibilities of authority, ought to have been the most careful to yield to its requirements. The first necessary quality for command is to know how to obey; and there has been hardly a single occupant of the president's chair in Mexico who has been possessed of this essential qualification for his office; whilst the priesthood have fomented every outbreak which they hoped would help to prop up their failing influence, and to secure their property from bearing its due share of the burdens of the state.

This selfish policy has deservedly failed. An exclusive regard to their own interests, and an utter unconcern for the general welfare, have resulted in the ruin of those who have adopted so base a line of conduct. Every party has in turn seized upon the government by unlawful violence, and every party has found itself obliged to succumb to the same weapons which it has employed against its adversaries. The clergy, in their avarice, have overreached themselves. In the period of the greatest peril of their country, and when the nation was threatened with extinction—when the capital was held by the army of the United States, and their neighbours were demanding the annexation of their territory, the clergy refused to pay one farthing from their large revenues to defend their altars, their country, and their flocks. In the troubles that have since ensued their property has been involved in the general ruin.

Before the war with the United States—1845-1847—Santa Anna, who had already twice been president, had been the most powerful name in Mexico; but the disastrous termination of the war, the loss of Texas, of California, and New Mexico, proved fatal to his popularity. He fled in 1848, and took refuge in Jamaica. In 1852 he was recalled, and in 1853 declared "Perpetual Dictator." The very next year a fresh *pronunciamento* was made by General Alvarez. In 1855 Santa Anna fled once more, and Alvarez was made Provisional President. He resigned at the end of the year, and was succeeded by General Comonfort, who was disturbed by an outbreak within three months of the commencement of his administration.

Such is but a specimen of the wretched changes that have distracted the country since the times of the Spanish viceroys. No wonder that some portions of the population hailed the prospect of a more settled government, even though established by foreign intervention. But the support given to the Emperor Maximilian by Miramon and other chiefs of the church party, only the more exasperated Juarez and the leaders of the Liberals. These knew that they were backed by the moral force (not without physical help) of the Republicans of the United States.

From the first it was a hopeless struggle, which nothing but a chivalrous sense of honour induced the Emperor to continue. The men for whom he sacrificed himself were not worthy.*

* The Emperor Ferdinand Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, second brother of the Emperor Francis Joseph, was born July 6, 1832, at Schoenbrunn. He married, in 1857, a daughter of Leopold, King of the Belgians, the Princess Charlotte, then hardly seventeen years old, whose double calamity now excites the sympathy of all hearts. The crown of Mexico was offered to him in 1863, by a commission sent from the Assembly of Notables who met at Mexico, and accepted in 1864, 10th April. On the 12th June the Emperor and Empress entered Mexico amidst universal acclamations: For three years he laboured at the reorganisation of the country. His betrayal into the hands of the rebels was on the 15th May, 1867, and his murder, by Juarez and the republican chiefs, on the 19th June, an act which excited horror in all civilised countries.

It may not be known to many that this has not been the only attempt to establish an empire in Mexico. In 1824 Iturbide, one of the leaders of the revolutionary war, was proclaimed Emperor. The story of his brief rule and tragic end may be briefly told. The indepen-

moderation, no indication of capacity for self-government. At length, on the 18th of May, 1822, the army and the mob proclaimed Iturbide emperor, who, after a brief show of resistance, accepted the crown.

Augustine I—such was the new emperor's title—swore



THE EMPEROR FERDINAND MAXIMILIAN AND THE EMPRESS CHARLOTTE OF MEXICO.

dence of Mexico was finally signed on August 24, 1821. The army entered Mexico in peace on the 27th of September, and a provisional regency of five, with Iturbide for president, immediately assumed the direction of affairs. A junta, composed of thirty-six persons, was appointed to contrive a scheme for electing a congress, and Iturbide was created Generalissimo and Lord High Admiral, with a yearly stipend of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars.

In drawing up the constitution there was a struggle for the mastery between the republicans and monarchists. The republicans gained the day. Iturbide desired to have two chambers, but it was resolved to have but one; and the Congress, thus constituted, met February 24, 1822. Each member swore to maintain the Plan of Iguala, but their real objects were soon manifest. There were three parties—the Bourbonists, who adhered to the sovereignty of Spain; the Republicans, who comprised all the old insurgent leaders; and the partisans of Iturbide, who desired his elevation to the throne. When the treaty of Cordova reached Spain, it was at once rejected by the Cortes, and with it fell the Bourbon party in Mexico. The struggle now lay between the other two. Violent recriminations and personalities disgraced the proceedings of the Congress. All the discontents and animosities that have since ruined Mexico appeared in full activity; there was no self-restraint, no

to be faithful to the constitution, and the Congress sanctioned his coronation. He reigned but ten months. No sooner had he seized upon the throne than Guerrero, Bravo, and Victoria retired to the country, and began to organise their old followers against him. Nor were his acts likely to gain him fresh adherents. He was intoxicated by success. He demanded a veto on all the articles of the constitution; he squandered the public treasure, and, in violation of his own scheme, proposed military tribunals similar to those which the Constitution of 1821 had destroyed. When this proposition was rejected by the Congress, he arrested fourteen of the deputies, and thus made the breach irreparable between himself and the representative assembly. Finally, on the 30th of October he dissolved the Congress, and appointed a junta of forty-five persons selected by himself, in its room.

These proceedings naturally occasioned much discontent, and Iturbide in his turn became a victim to treachery very similar to that which he had himself employed against Apodaca. Among the most trusted of his friends was General Santa Anna, the Governor of Vera Cruz; but on some suspicions of his fidelity Iturbide decided to remove him. Being apprised of this intention, Santa Anna assembled his forces, harangued them on the misconduct of the emperor, and urged them to join him in proclaiming a republic. No sooner said than done.

Guadalupe Victoria, whose name was a tower of strength, descended from his mountain hiding-place to join him. General Echavari, who was sent against him by Iturbide, and who more than once defeated him, was won over to his side. And, on the 1st of February, a decree, called the Act of Casa-Mata, arranged by the three generals, and establishing a republic, was promulgated.

The power of Iturbide dwindled away as rapidly as it had grown. The whole country was soon in arms against him. Guerrero, Bravo, and the other generals declared for the Act of Casa-Mata. Why the emperor yielded without a blow is not very clear. His personal courage was undoubted; but all confidence was undermined by constant defections from his ranks. He placed his abdication in the hands of the Congress, and it was at length accepted. He was furnished with a vessel in which to sail for Leghorn, and assigned a yearly pension of twenty-five thousand dollars.

It is truly sad to follow Iturbide to the close of his career. Rather more than a year after his departure from the country, on the 14th of July, 1824, a British vessel touched at Santander, and the following day two gentlemen, calling themselves Poles—Count Charles Beneski and a friend—landed at Soto la Marina, and visited La Garza, the commandant of the district. They begged permission to travel into the interior, and it was conceded; but the suspicions of La Garza were excited, and as soon as the count's friend was stripped of his disguise he proved to be Iturbide. The unhappy man had been invited by some of his partisans to return, and, ignorant of the law which condemned him to death if he should venture to set foot in Mexico, he had complied. The state legislature was then sitting, and they immediately gave orders for his execution. No respite for appeal to the Congress was allowed him. He was led out on the evening of the 19th, and fell pierced by four bullets.

There is scarcely one of the actors in the War of Independence concerning whom it is so difficult to speak as of Iturbide. With all his faults, he yet displayed such talents for government that in after years the people regretted his fall. Some consideration, too, was due to the successful leader who had chiefly emancipated them from the yoke of Spain, and whose errors had some further palliative in the numerous dangers by which he was surrounded. So winning was his address, that a few days before his death he gained over all the escort that conducted him from Soto la Marina to the seat of the Congress, and his hurried execution proves how much his foes dreaded the popularity of his name. A strange spectacle followed his judicial murder. His body was followed to the grave by the Congress which had ordered him to be shot, and the man who had been executed as a traitor to his country was mourned by the government as a public benefactor.

RATES AND TAXES, FROM A PAYER'S POINT OF VIEW.

SOME ten or twelve years ago, one of "Punch's" amusing cartoons represented a fat janitor and a tall footman lounging at ease at the portal of an aristocratic dwelling, engaged in an interesting conversation. "John," inquired Robert, "what is taxes?" To which question Robert's emphatic reply expressed blissful ignorance. A charming West-end idyll it was, "*mundox simplicis*," as they say, and pleasingly illustrative of an ignorance of which we unfortunate householders, whose very nature it is to pay scot and lot, have not the remotest concep-

tion. We know what taxes are well enough; and for my part, if I had to give a definition of taxes (under which designation I include all imposts of every kind levied in coin), I should describe them as "cash out of pocket," seeing that I have always to enter them on the debit side of my annual account, and cannot enter a fair equivalent as a set-off against them.

First of all, there are the Queen's taxes, which are in some sort intelligible, as it is to be presumed they go in aid of her Majesty's government, and as a loyal subject I ought not to grumble against them. I must pay my share of the expenses of the country, though I see how much there is of prodigal waste in some of the public departments. The strange thing is that, although waste and extravagance are universally admitted, the same estimates are passed year by year with scarcely any opposition. The loudest hustings advocates for "reform and retrenchment" are usually absent from the House when the votes of supply are taken. The chief government tax is the income-tax. This, which is in principle perhaps the most righteous of all imposts, is in practice often the most unrighteous. Why should I, who by hard toil make a certain sum, all of which, except a small sum laid aside for life insurance, I spend within the year, pay the same tax as the man with a large capital, who lives on the mere interest of his money? Again, it taxes the man of high moral character to the extreme limit, and allows the man of no character to escape in whole or in part, as his conscience or no conscience shall determine. Worse still, it leads men into the temptations from which they daily pray to be delivered, until they palter with truth and honesty, and outrage their better nature; often to their grief and remorse, which lead them to make restitution; oftener, it is to be feared, to the hardening of their hearts, and the abandonment of all good faith in the matter. There are hundreds of persons who make large incomes, who yet never paid income-tax, or a mere trifle compared with what ought to be paid, means of eluding it being easy to those who choose to adopt them. It might be interesting, if it could be done, to trace out what connection, if any, exists between the income-tax and the lax commercial morality that has marked, with ever-increasing intensity, the years that have passed since its first imposition.

Now for local taxes or rates. As to the poor-rates, which in our parish are heavy, perhaps I ought not to grumble at these, seeing that, as a ratepayer, I am supposed to take a part in levying them, and thus, as it were, to fit the burden to my own back.* Yet in truth I am not at all satisfied about them. From some cause or other, or it may be for many causes combined, they have been growing heavier and heavier for these ten years past; while in an adjoining parish, where the inhabitants are, on the whole, much better off, and more able to pay, the poor-rate poundage has been steadily on the decrease for about the same length of time. There has been speechifying and paragraphing enough on platforms and in newspapers, any time these ten years, about an equalisation of rates, by virtue of which every man should contribute towards the maintenance of the poor according to his ability, and not according to his luck in

* Every ratepayer has a vote for the guardians of the poor, who fix the rate. A schedule of names is left by a policeman at my door. Another schedule is left another day with different names. One list is recommended by certain persons, headed by the rector, who is an ultra-ritualist. The other list is approved by names some of which I recognise as men who care for no religion. I see that the election is made to turn, not on fitness for special duty, but on political or ecclesiastical dissensions, and I leave both lists unsigned. Many ratepayers must find themselves in the same difficulty.

residing in a rich parish or a poor one; but we do not seem to be getting much nearer to a fair settlement of the question. Meanwhile our parish gets into hot water, and is sometimes made to figure as a monster in public estimation because it won't do impossible things; and paupers, who cannot be got into the workhouse as long as they have strength to crawl about the streets, *will* die out of hand when they *do* get there. The guardians have to bear the brunt of it, and it is no trifle now-a-days to be a guardian: what with the paupers clammering for more relief on one side, and the rate-payers growling at paying so much on the other, while the newspapers on all sides are pitching into them as if they were so many Legrees, without feelings or human sympathies. I have a notion that, with equalised poor-rates in all parishes, the poor would come in for much better treatment, as under such an arrangement the treatment could be systematised, and improved.

Police-rate, paving and lighting rate, sewers-rate—these I can understand, and pay willingly, hoping that the rate-imposers, who are also ratepayers, will, for their own benefit, see that a fair return is given for the payments demanded.

The next impost is called a rate for "general purposes." I hardly know what it includes, or what it does not include; and if I go in search of information to our vestry meetings, it is little enlightenment that I meet with there. There the debates are apt to be flavoured with flowers of speech that don't suit my nerves at all. Mr. Potts, who is a natural-born Radical, is always flying at the throat of some Tory antagonist, and convicting him of misappropriation of the parish funds—such, for instance, as mending his own broken windows at the ratepayers' expense, or flag-stoning the approach to his back premises for his private convenience, while some of the public ways, which have wanted paving for years, are left to "wallow in their native mud." Tubbs, the Conservative saddler and harness-maker, replies that he holds Potts in sovereign contempt. Men like these, with their several factions, often turn the vestries into a kind of bear-garden, and one wonders how the business of self-government gets on at all among people wanting the sense to govern their own tempers. Of late, too, the goad has been applied from without in a way that is very little relished; the affairs of the parish being interfered with and put out of gear by the descent upon us of certain orders in council, which from time to time come sweeping into our horizon and disturbing our system. These orders are generally for the enforcing of some new or neglected sanitary measures; and after a due amount of opposition, couched in violent language, just to show our independence, they get themselves conformed to, and the cost of their execution is embodied in a sanitary rate, which goes to swell the general rate.

Gas-rates and water-rates, of course, are not taxes; but, as they rank with the arbitrary charges that must be paid, I shall include them in the present catalogue. With regard to the gas-rate, I shall make but one remark, and that will be in appreciation of the cleverness of the gas company, who, when they connected my house-pipe with their main, considerably supplied me with a meter as big as a meat-safe, and charged me a quarterly rent for it equal in amount to the value of one-third of the gas I consume. I need not say that our company is a most prosperous one, that the shareholders get their full ten per cent, and have a thumping reserve laid by; but, as I hold none of the shares myself, I do not see the necessity of deriving huge rents from the hire of enormous meters. I am sure also that there is mismanagement and extortion when I pay for my gas

5s. 6d. per thousand feet, while at Brighton, where coal is far dearer, they only pay 3s. 6d., and at Plymouth 2s. 9d.!

Touching the water-rate, I must be allowed to say a little more. When I bought the house I occupy, and went into it after it had been a long while vacant, the water company came down upon me for certain arrears of water-rate which were due, they said, from the previous tenant. Whether their claim was a true or a false one it was impossible for me to ascertain. If the previous tenant (who, by the way, had emigrated to Australia) had paid his water-rates, it is not likely that he would have left his receipts in my hands, seeing that he knew nothing about me; and if he had not paid them, what was that to me? he had derived the advantage—why should I be held responsible? Representations of this kind, however, had no effect on the company; they were determined to have the money from me, or they would cut off the water and leave me high and dry. And so I had to settle the rascally claim. Now, in my view, this is brigandage pure and simple, and the money thus extorted goes in the same category with the ransoms tortured from their miserable captives by the savage bandits of the Abruzzi. Exactions of this kind are enough to confuse a man's ideas of obligation and responsibility altogether. How upon earth is an incoming tenant to look after the morals of an outgoing one of whom he knows no more than he does of Prester John? And, if this is impossible, on what is the responsibility founded? If the old occupier had left over head and ears in debt to his tradesmen, would they have looked to me for the discharge of his bills? If he had signed promissory notes and dishonoured them, should I have been expected to come down with the cash? If he had picked his neighbour's pocket, or garrotted him, should I have been handcuffed and hauled off to prison? or, if he had married two wives, should I have been prosecuted for bigamy? I suppose not. But why not, if I am to be robbed because he has defaulted, or is alleged to have defaulted? The injustice is about as great in either case, and there are as good moral grounds for inflicting it under the conditions supposed as there were under the actual conditions. I was robbed—that is the truth of the matter, and all the casuistry in the world would fail in putting any other construction on the fact. I shall be told, it may be, that the law is on the side of the water company, who have a clause in their Act of incorporation authorising them to levy the rate *on the house*. The law might as well authorise the butcher or the baker to recover his debts from the new occupier of the house. Of course I ought to inquire before taking a house if the rates are all paid, but this does not diminish the injustice of which I speak. The law abets a theft, and the sooner it gets itself reformed, the better for honest men.

Of rates and levies ecclesiastical I have said nothing, and wish to say nothing, but add one word in conclusion about the compound householder, of whom we have all heard so much. Wishing him all the prosperity he deserves, and ever so much more, and trusting and expecting that he will get his vote, and make a good use of it, I confess that in my capacity as a non-compounder I feel a little misgiving as to results. Ratepaying is not a pleasant kind of depletion; the compounder hitherto has got over it by means of his landlord, without ever experiencing the peculiar sensations that accompany it, especially when the ready cash runs short; and I suspect that when he has to pay in a lump from his own pocket he won't like it. If, not liking it, he seeks to shirk it, and does shirk it by flitting with his barrow-load of

goods from place to place as the rates become due, then nothing is more certain than that we non-compounders shall have to pay his rates for him, whether we like it or no. Then, again, supposing that each individual compounder in the parish is "the honestest man alive," and never dreams of shirking his responsibilities, see what a plague and bother there will be in getting in the multitude of small sums that go to make up the aggregate of their payments. Potts tells me there are at least eight thousand compounders in our parish, and he is mightily pleased with such an addition to the constituency, and he pooh-poohs the additional trouble; but then I happen to know that he is already making interest to get himself appointed as one of the new rate-collectors whose services will be indispensable, and the £300 a year which our rate-collectors get would suit him very well—much better than it will suit the parish to pay it. Whichever way one looks at it, the only thing that seems certain is, an increase of expense for the ratepayers who do not compound. It is to be hoped we shall get something in return for our money, and we shall do that if the country is more fully and fairly represented in Parliament.

ASCENT OF MOUNT IDA, IN CRETE.

IT is now some few years ago that, on the last day of May, I found myself standing upon the summit of the Cretan Ida.* The enthusiastic scholar will perhaps envy me this privilege, entertaining a sentiment of veneration for a spot so sacred in classical antiquity as the birthplace of Jupiter, according to the writings of some ancient authors who have treated of the mythology and traditions of the heroic ages.

The view from its summit, at 8,200 feet above the sea, over a great part of the length and breadth of this fine island, is a magnificent one, certainly; but I must undeceive the reader at once, by assuring him that it was no classical enthusiasm that carried me at this season to its snow-capped summit; I was there in furtherance of a scientific object only—viz., the obtaining the observations that were required for a complete triangulation over the southern islands of the Greek archipelago, and for the survey of Crete itself, in connexion with them.

To say that I felt no enthusiasm on the occasion would not be true. But mine, unfortunately, arose from no learned interest in the mythological features and faith of the men of the time of Minos. It had little to do with those who fed its fabled history with the story of the Minotaur, and the conquest of the beast by the Athenian Theseus.

The object of my mission had sufficient interest in itself to excite a feeling of enthusiasm, from an anticipation of its future utility, from the opportunity afforded me of studying some of the grander features of nature, and from the varied interests connected with the examination and exploration of a new field.

We had halted, the previous night, at an upland plain

* Extracted by permission from "Travels and Researches in Crete." By Captain T. A. B. Spratt, R.N., C.B., F.R.S. London: John Van Voorst. It is too soon yet to give an impartial verdict about the sad events of the last Cretan insurrection. When the passions of war are let loose, there can hardly fail to be atrocities perpetrated on both sides. But it is worthy of note that an unbiased observer like Captain Spratt, writing before the last outbreak, and with full knowledge of local circumstances, speaks with high praise of the general administration of the island by the Turks, and affirms that the spirit of revolt has been fostered by Greek strangers and emissaries, sometimes with no worthier motive than those which induce merchants on the African coast to encourage war among the semi-barbarous tribes. However this may be, it is time that this inter-
necine conflict of race and creed should be terminated.

more than 2,500 feet below the summit, and four or five miles to the eastward of it, and a little below the margin of the now fast-receding snow, as the sun was nearly in the solstice.

The ascent from this upland basin or plain had occupied four hours and a half, following, as near as we could trace it, the brow of the main ridge leading to the summit, so as to avoid the depth of the snow in the hollows on either side, now sometimes treacherous from the sun's melting influence.

The celebrated French botanist and traveller, Tournefort, ascended the mountain a century and a half ago, in search of rare plants, but was not rewarded in accordance with his expectation, finding the mountain then comparatively bare and without flowers. The old mountain, however, is not barren of plants both rare and beautiful; for it has its alpine as well as its peculiar vegetation, like all isolated and all such greatly elevated mountains. The indefatigable botanist, however, was a month too late in the time of ascent, its flowering season having passed.

Dr. Pococke also ascended Mount Ida in the last century, and about thirty years later than Tournefort; but the learned doctor's visit was in the month of August, when the vegetation was also gone from it. Both these celebrated travellers also ascended from the Monastery of Arkadia, at the north-west base of the mountain.

The upland basin in which we had bivouacked, and from which we now ascended on foot, was nearly two miles long, and from half a mile to a mile broad, with lesser plains at the same level in connection with it. The natives called it Nida, Nidha, or *Netha*, which is evidently a corruption of the ancient name of the mountain, Ida, according to the modern Greek pronunciation. But the actual summit has for ages been called Psiloriti, or *Ypsiloreitou*.

This upland basin, in which we had halted as the highest point to which our sure-footed mules could carry us, was just now also green as the meadow, from the fresh spring grass and herbage upon its surface—the snow having been absorbed by its soil but a few days previous, under the warmth of the mid-May sun.

Our arrival, in fact, was with the earliest return of the shepherds and flocks that resort to its pasturage as the lowlands become parched by the heats of harvest-time, now in progress in the valleys below.

The verdant upland basin was as refreshing to the eye as the fine bracing air of so elevated a region was to the feelings; and its carpet of verdure was bespangled with patches of wild flowers, amongst which we were delighted to find the buttercup of our own English meadows, or a species closely allied to it, that in some parts mellowed the verdure with its mixed tints of gold.

The pasturage of Ida, according to ancient fable, had the peculiar property of gilding the teeth of the sheep that fed upon it; and I am told that the juice of its herbs or the pollen of its flowers certainly tinges them a little yellow at this season; hence may be seen the solution of the fable—that is, if the scholar can be reconciled to such a matter-of-fact explanation.

Mount Ida stands almost in the centre of Crete, and is insulated from the lesser ridges lying east and west of it. In one point of view—that is, from the north-west and west—it has a striking appearance, from its fine conical form and towering elevation; and on this account, as much as from its being the highest in the island by a few feet, it owed, perhaps, its repute amongst the ancients, and the fiction and fable which history and tradition have associated with it.

But when seen from the north and north-east, its long diameter is brought in view, and then it has not so noble and grand an aspect, having a long and undulating crest, rising gradually from its eastern extreme towards the summit, which lies nearer its western. The south and south-west faces of the mountain are very steep, being the upraised side; and the uplifting agent, which was a mass of serpentine, has protruded or forced itself out there, forming a respectable mountain, but in comparison to Ida a mere hill at its foot; whilst on the north and north-east the face descends in a series of ridges and terraces, like so many steps between the summit and base, and representing, probably, as many faults, dislocations, and uprisings of its strata. The substratum is mainly a mass of stratified limestone, with occasional interspersed beds of shale, which altogether attains a thickness of at least 5,000 or 6,000 feet. Between the serpentine at the south base and the upper limestones there also crops out a series of older or altered shales and limestone of probably 1,000 feet in thickness. The precise geological age of this has not yet been demonstrated by fossil evidences; for, although an English traveller in the island, of the last century, Dr. Varyard, describes some fossils found by him at the foot of Ida which would seem to correspond with belemnites, and indeed calls them so, we did not in our ascent or descent find any fossils.

The summit is formed of thinly stratified grey limestone, which easily splits into large slabs, the whole dipping to the north-east at a small angle. With these slabs a small hovel, called a church, and dedicated to the Holy Cross (Agios Stauros), has been erected upon the summit, at the instigation of an old priest of Mylopotamo, in consequence of a command he is said to have received to that effect in a dream. But the only indication of its sacred character was our finding, within a small hole at its east end, a fragment of some earthen vessel, with a few pieces of charcoal and incense.

In my ascent to it I was accompanied by Colonel Drummond Hay, late of the 42nd Regiment, who was then on leave, and a guest of Captain Graves. He was a keen sportsman and a patient and earnest ornithologist; and his enthusiasm and interest in his favourite pursuit was brought to the highest pitch of delight on the evening of our arrival in the plain of Netha, by unexpectedly finding there a few of the true Devonshire jackdaw or chough (*Pyrrhocorax graculus*), of the skin of which he was deficient in his fine collection of British birds, owing to its peculiar limited location to the southwest of England, and whose list of birds observed by him in Crete is given in the appendix to the second volume (Capt. Spratt's "Crete"). It was singular to find it here, when it had been so often sought for elsewhere by the indefatigable ornithologist. But, in selecting Crete for a location, it had instinctively resorted for breeding to an elevation of the mountain that possessed climatal conditions adapted to its nature.

When we reached the summit, the snow had melted from off the chapel, as well as for several hundred yards along the crest of the peak on either side of it. Several bulbs were in flower upon these bare patches, which, with a few scattered tufts of a closely matted and prickly plant, that grew in the form of a sponge, and seldom larger than one, were all the vegetation that was capable of growing upon the bleak crest of Ida; and when we first sighted it a group of agrimia, a species of ibex, that had been browsing upon the scanty pasture, were standing motionless upon its pinnacle. We had seen several others in the ascent, some forty in all; but they

were too wary of any approach of man. They were not to be taken even by a Highland deer-stalker and keen sportsman like my friend and companion Drummond, but bounded away, as soon as we were perceived, over snow and steep, crag and precipice, until they had gained another commanding peak, far out of reach of gun and rifle, and there again they watchfully grouped themselves, with their ponderous and sabre-shaped horns curved in relief against the western sky. Crete and the uninhabited islet of Anti-Milo are the only islands of the archipelago in which the ibex is found; and their introduction into the latter island must have been from Crete.

Several hares were seen also during the ascent, all of which were started from their forms on the open snow—a spot their instinct seems to lead them to prefer during the day, from the bad lie of their scent upon it; and they seemed to be a smaller species than the hare of the lowlands.

The summit of the mountain gained, the necessary observations for the distant triangulation were immediately commenced, but were only partially completed after several hours' trial at the theodolite, through the unfortunate and unexpected rising of a mist around us, or an occasional settling of a cloud upon the distant peaks. The important angles to the more distant islands usually visible from Ida could not, therefore, be taken satisfactorily; and it was so necessary and desirable to obtain them, if possible, after the time, labour, and expense incurred in ascending to the summit of the mountain with our instruments, that I felt it necessary to remain the night, hoping that at sunset or sunrise, as we had often experienced before, the clouds would temporarily descend or lift from the mountain-top, and also from the summits of the distant islands.

One of the three muleteers who had accompanied us volunteered to remain, under the temptation of a sovereign offered as a reward to either, but not until much persuasion had been previously used by himself and the rest (one of whom was a shepherd from the plain of Netha) to induce me to return to the bivouac, as I was lightly clad and without food. But I gave no heed to their advice, as the day was calm and fine, although hazy, and the night could not be very severe, I thought, especially if my object was accomplished by my sunset view and observations.

When my other companions had left me, Marko and myself beguiled the time during which the mists intercepted the view in gathering up by the roots a heap of the moist sandy tufts of shrub that grew around the hovel, hoping to raise a fire from them within it, should the night prove cold.

As the sun declined towards the west, I watched anxiously for the appearing of the distant mountains and islands; and as usual, as I had hoped, the clouds lifted from some of them, and thus a few of the more important were then observed. But the haze hung heavy upon the horizon in some directions, foreboding, with the white fleecy clouds, a coming Meltem, or northerly gale of summer.

And, whilst scanning the horizon in all directions as the sun was low, I was surprised by the sudden appearance in the east of what seemed to be a well-defined mountain-top of some island in that direction, although no land was known to exist there. The phenomenon for a time puzzled me; for, as plain as eye could see, and theodolite could observe, there was, to all appearance, far, far in the east a well-outlined and clearly-defined conical mountain, that peered through the dark leaden haze hanging over the horizon there.

After a little pause, however, the theodolite was again directed to its well-marked summit; but, on reading off the angle, it was seen to have changed positions. A moving mountain! The mystery was greater, until a little reflection at once solved it: the phantom island was the actual shadow of the mountain I was standing upon, the haze being so dense in that direction as actually to receive a strong imprint of the outline of Mount Ida upon it; for, when I turned the theodolite round 180° to the opposite quarter, it pointed directly to the sun, and the explanation was complete. I have never before or since observed a similar effect; and it will be seen, on consideration, that it can only occur upon a very high mountain, with a certain atmosphere, and only just before sunset or after sunrise, when the sun is of a sufficient height above the horizon to have light and strength enough to produce an opposing shadow upon an atmosphere or haze sufficiently dense, but yet not more intense in tint than the shadow itself.

The effect of this haze and windy-looking atmosphere upon the landscape was also most gorgeous and attractive; and I sat watching its play of pink, purple, and golden hues, tinting the mountain-tops or lower landscape as the light faded, with intense admiration and pleasure, until, by the sudden disappearance of the orb behind its fiery screen in the west, the bright tints vanished, and all was grey. The day had declined; it had run its course; and the sober tint of age had fitly succeeded the brighter aspect of its glory, before darkness closed upon it, and night asserted its power.

I was captivated by this brilliant effect, and sketched the panoramic view of hill and dale, coast-line and bays, of this western half of Crete, as seen from my aerial position on Ida.

The chill of the evening, however, soon struck sensibly upon my nerves, and from my reverie I hastily retreated to the chapel or hovel, but then only to be made truly sensible of its dull, cheerless reality and shelter, and the comfortless night before me. But I had had my cup of enjoyment; and that never comes, in any shape, without some alloy in payment, either of toil, of anxiety, or of privation.

The wind rose as the night advanced; and, as the hovel was built of loose stones, without mortar or soil, it blew through the apertures between, in a thousand little jets of cold, piercing blasts that penetrated to the marrow of one's bones. It was in vain that Marko and myself tried to produce some warmth and blaze from the damp, sponge-like tufts of shrub we had gathered. With his tobacco-pipe as blower, we puffed and puffed alternately for hours; but it only produced a smouldering smoke, and half suffocated us in the effort; they were too green, and too much saturated with the snow that had only recently been melted from them.

It was in vain, too, that we tried to quench thirst, by melting some lumps of snow we had stored for the purpose, upon large slabs of stone placed at an inclination over, or upon, the smouldering tufts; for what little did melt, and run off into the cup of my pocket-flask, was converted into gall for bitterness, by the smoke that had penetrated the snow during the process of heating and melting.

The night, however, passed in due time, as all nights of suffering and misery do—the sluggish hours as they pass away only appearing some ten times as long as they need or were wont, but when passed being soon forgot; for the birth of the new day brings its new pleasures and occupations of mind and body: and thus its dawn gladly found us moving to restore circulation and warmth. As soon as restored, therefore, and day

had come, the eye was anxiously peering through the instrument towards some mountain or island whose angular direction I had hoped to observe.

This, also, was labour in vain, as the wind rendered the instrument too unsteady for correct vision or observation during the brief interval there was an opportunity of attempting it; for there soon ascended, from the valleys below, a white but dense vapour, whose playful masses curled, rolled, and mingled as it arose, like a turbulent and foaming sea. Some patches of fleeting mist, too, now and then shot up from it, as messengers of its approach, and rushed over the brow of the mountain, like steam from an engine in motion; and ere long, ere a few minutes more of watchfulness of its marvellous appearance and motions had passed, the whole cloud had come up, although to us it appeared as if we sank into it as into an abyss or ocean; and we were immediately enveloped in its gloom and mist.

I was too familiar with the meaning of a cloud upon Ida at this hour and season, not to know that further observation would be hopeless, probably for several days. There was no alternative but to return, and be satisfied with what we had effected. Marko therefore shouldered the instruments, and I my books and the plants and wild flowers I had collected, and we worked our way back, bidding adieu to its bleak aspect with no reluctance, following, as often as we could, our footprints on the snow of the previous day, where our track had necessarily led across it. We frequently, however, lost them and followed the wrong ridge in the search, and had to retrace our steps, as we were often unable to see more than fifty yards before us. The cheering voices of our shepherd guides were at length heard when about half-way down—messengers of comfort, coming to our aid with clothing, food, and milk. Not long after noon we had the satisfaction of reaching our bivouac in the Shepherds' Cave at Netha.

EXPERIMENTS WITH POTATOES.

Who has any remedy for the potato disease?

"I have," says one. "Mow your tops off directly you see a leaf affected."

"Mowing won't do," says another; "pull the haulm up entirely."

"Dig your potatoes up as soon as the first symptom of disease is heard of in your neighbourhood," says another oracle; "they will ripen after they are up."

"There cannot be a worse plan," replies the practical man: "they shrivel if not fully ripe."

"It is a fever," says the Hon. Grantley Berkeley; "they have been too highly manured. Starve them for a few years in poor ground, and you will get healthy seed again."

"It comes from always growing the same seed in the same ground year after year," says the next. "Change your seed."

"It is the effect of too much wet in the cells of the potato," says Mr. Miles, of Bristol.

"Then dry your seed in an oven," says Professor Bollman, of St. Petersburg; and certainly there did appear to be some truth in what he said, for, after trying his theory on a small scale, he extended his experiments, and, though the disease was very general, out of one thousand bushels of potatoes he had not a single case of disease.

Others talk of fungus; others say, "It comes in the air." They don't tell us *what* comes in the air—whether it is the potato itself that takes a flight, or whether

they mean that an insect comes, like the "smother-fly" on the beans, or merely that a certain condition of the air produces the disease; and if the latter is what they mean (as is probably the case), they have not helped us much to get an answer to our question. They might just as well say, "It comes *somewhere*."

Now, without venturing any opinion of my own, I will very briefly state the results of my experience. I believe I have read all that has been suggested, and, putting the various plans together, it appeared to me that there were two points to be considered—

1. The improvement of the seed.

2. The treatment of the crop, especially just at that particular time when the disease comes.

With reference to the former, I sent to some of our principal seedsmen, and obtained several sorts from each. I got my ground in good order, picked my seed over carefully, sowing small ones by themselves, cutting the larger tubers, and marking each row with a tally, keeping a memorandum of the results in my "garden notebook."

As to seed, then, I have little to remark. I would merely say, change your seed frequently. Plant seed about the size of a hen's egg in preference to either larger or smaller. If the kind has many eyes, cut some of them clean out; they will bear all the better, and, the tops not being so thick, will allow more circulation of air through them. The question of *sorts* I will enter into presently.

As to the treatment of the crop I have more to say. As a rule, it has generally been observed that the disease breaks out most virulently if there happens to be much rain just at the time the plants have done growing, and are about to ripen the tubers. Wet is then fatal to them. It would seem reasonable to expect that such would be the case. Whilst the plant is growing vigorously it requires an abundant supply of moisture, and absorbs it rapidly; but when the haulm has attained its full growth, and the plant has only to mature the tubers, there is no longer the same need for water—on the contrary, it is injurious. Now, if at this critical time the season is wet, as is unfortunately often the case, the potato will certainly rot.

It has, therefore, occurred to many persons, "Why not mow the tops off if they have done growing; or, at any rate, shorten them to prevent their holding so much wet?"

The reply to the latter part of the suggestion is, that shortening does no good. If you do anything, you must cut the top entirely off. And what happens then?

I think I can answer that question best by telling you what I did to my potatoes, and what happened to *them*. I selected some rows in the centre of the patch, and treated them in four different ways:—

1. Trimmed off so much of the tops as hung over the trench between the rows, to allow the sun and air to dry the ground.

2. Reduced the tops to one-third of their length.

3. Cut the tops off entirely, close to the ground.

4. As No. 3, and then covered the top of the ridge with earth, so as to completely exclude the air.

And now for the results. Nos. 1 and 2 were just as bad as those to which nothing was done. Produce 30lbs. per row. Nos. 3 and 4 had neither of them a single diseased potato. No. 3 produced 24lbs., and No. 4 26lbs. In point of bulk the yield was, as nearly as possible, equal; but those from No. 4 were rather the firmer and heavier potatoes. They remained perfectly sound when stored; whereas those from Nos. 1 and 2 continued to decay after storing, until fully one-third was lost.

The small reduction on the weight of the produce, caused by the cutting of the tops, is of no consequence; 24lbs. of sound potatoes being clearly preferable to 30lbs. of diseased ones, out of which one-third is ultimately to be lost. But here is a very important point to be noticed—that the potatoes from Nos. 3 and 4 were "waxy," and not good eating, though the potatoes, being sound, would of course make good seed. It remains to be proved whether, by carrying on this process year after year, the potato might not be restored to a healthy condition. This, however, is theorising, with which I have nothing to do; I merely wish to give results of experiments.

One thing is clear, that we must not fancy that, because the haulm has ceased to grow, it may be cut off without injury to the plant. On the contrary, the tuber is ripened through the agency of the leaves, which are the lungs of a plant. Strip a tree of its leaves, and it will soon die. On the other hand, you may often restore a sickly-looking window plant by merely sponging the leaves which have become choked by the dust of the room. Hence we can readily understand why depriving the plant of its haulm makes the potato close and waxy.

On the whole, then, after having carefully considered the matter, my practice now is to *do nothing at all* to the crop after it is once planted. I get the ground to work well, by the admixture of plenty of *fine sifted ashes* (not cinders), if it is at all stiff and retentive of moisture; for I have repeatedly observed that when the soil is of such a texture that *the earth falls from the potatoes* when they are dug, leaving them bright and clean, they are generally sound; but when the earth clings to them, as it does in wet soils, *there* you may expect a large percentage to be badly diseased; or, though apparently sound, to become so on being stored. I therefore use, as I said before, a large quantity of finely sifted ashes, decayed leaves, vegetable refuse, and such like materials, but *no manure*, which is injurious, producing too rank a vegetation, and therefore long watery tops which hold the wet.

By paying particular attention to the drying of the ground, I think a good deal may be effected as regards resistance to the disease. For instance, I have grown successfully, for years, a potato which a neighbouring nurseryman tells me he has discarded as being so liable to disease—*i.e.*, the *Dalmahoy*.

But as to the question of sorts—I am speaking, remember, not so much with reference to their excellence as potatoes, or to their bearing qualities, as to their capability of resisting disease—the conclusion that I have come to is, that it is unsafe to assert of any particular kind that it will resist disease better than others. For example, I selected from the list of one of our seed merchants a kind of which it was said that it "resists disease better than most others." Out of ten different sorts that were growing together on the same ground, it turned out to be decidedly the worst! And, again, I had a few potatoes given me which had been received direct from Ireland, and warranted perfectly free from blight; but, alas! there was not a *single sound one* amongst them. I think it a better plan for each person to try a variety of sorts, say a peck of each, and note carefully which suits his own soil best.

For my own part, I give a decided preference to the "King of Potatoes" (the true Lapstone), which I consider the best potato that is grown. It is a fair bearer, not such a heavy cropper as some others; but I have found it the most free from disease of any that I have tried. It has a bright yellow skin, and when cooked is

mealy and of excellent flavour. Indeed I may say, in the language of the catalogues, "no garden should be without it."

I will not enter into the question of field-culture, where the heavy croppers—Regent, flukes, etc.—must always hold a prominent place. I am speaking only of what may be done with potatoes when they are grown in manageable quantities as in a garden.

With respect to the relative advantages of early or late sowing, all the gardening authorities tell us that early sowing is the surest mode of escaping disease; the object being to bring the crop to maturity in July and August, when the hot sun will keep the superfluous wet absorbed. But this early planting brings another element into consideration—*i.e.*, the frost; for, unfortunately, the potato is a very tender plant, and I have had the mortification, now for three years running, of seeing all my early potatoes, which had advanced too far for protection by moulding over, completely cut down to the ground by late frost in May. When this happens, what becomes of the early sowing, for the plant has to start again? It will recover itself, it is true, but the crop will not be good, and instead of being forward it will be very backward.

And, again, it often happens that St. Swithin brings wet blustery weather about the middle of July; and, if your potatoes have been forced on so that they are ripening just at that time, they will be diseased, as was the case this year in Cornwall, where the crop is forwarder than in the midland and northern districts.

My own practice is to plant about the first or second week in April, and I believe that time to be better than either earlier or later; growing, for my main crop, such sorts as ripen in August, which is usually a dry month. A few rows of early Ashtops may of course be planted in a sheltered situation, with a southern aspect, as early as you please.

By attending to the drying of the ground, changing my seed frequently, choosing good fair-sized seed, and keeping to such sorts as suit my soil (which, by the way, is by no means a favourable one for potato culture), I get as good crops as one can ever expect to have, now that the disease has become so fully established. But as to the cause of the disease, or any effectual remedy for it when it has once begun, I am satisfied that even now, after so many years' experience, we know very little about it. We can check the disease with certainty, as I have shown, but then it is at the expense of the quality which constitutes a good potato, and is, therefore, only applicable to a very small portion of the crop—viz., that intended for seed.

Before quitting the subject, I shd. just like to say a few words about the practice of "moulding up." I see my neighbours losing a day's work to stay at home to mould up their potatoes in the allotment gardens. I see them from my windows working away in a hot sun with a heavy hoe, drawing the earth up into ridges. I ask them what good it can do? They "don't exactly know, but we be allus used to 't." I say to them, "You may just as well save your backs; I find the potatoes do quite as well, or even better, when they are left alone." But country folks are good Conservatives, and, as the moulding-up of potatoes is a very inoffensive custom, it may as well be continued if it affords any gratification to those who practise it. Perhaps a man likes to feel that he has had some hand in the growing of a crop which otherwise, requiring so little attention as the potato does, would seem to be independent of his skill.

C. H. NEWMARCH.

Belton Vicarage, Uppingham.

Varieties.

MAXIMILIAN, EMPEROR OF MEXICO.—A descendant of that glorious Emperor Charles V, in whose reign Ferdinand Cortez and his bold companions founded the Mexican monarchy, the Emperor Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, formerly the lieutenant of his brother, the Emperor Francis Joseph, in the kingdom of Lombardo-Venetin, brought up according to modern ideas, and in the continual habit of governing, seemed a prince designated by Providence to create in the New World a dynasty worthy of his house and of the sovereigns who hastened to recognise him from the moment of his accession to the throne. For fifty years Mexico had been a prey to the most horrible anarchy, acts of pillage, and civil war. He who wished to consecrate his efforts to pacifying the country, filling up the abyss of revolutions, restoring order, and endeavouring to render happy a country so favoured by Heaven—this monarch, betrayed by one of his subjects, whom he had loaded with benefits, has fallen under the bullets of assassins. On two occasions the Archduke was the guest of France—in 1856 and in 1864—and every one was enabled to appreciate his chivalrous character, his solid and varied attainments, and his precious personal qualities.—*Moniteur.*

JAPANESE DICTIONARY.—Dr. Hepburn, American medical missionary, with the assistance of a learned Japanese, has compiled a dictionary with the Japanese words in Roman, in Japanese, and in Chinese characters. It is far in advance of anything of the kind that has yet been attempted.

NATIVE GOLD.—Our gold mines in North Wales produced in 1866 2,927 tons of auriferous quartz, from which 743 oz. of gold were obtained.

NIAGARA FALLS.—Table Rock has been successfully blown away by gunpowder from the main rock. Visitors can now reach the sheet of water at the base of the Falls without danger from falling rock.—*Toronto Globe.*

NEW METROPOLITAN TRAFFIC ACT.—The Act for regulating the traffic in the metropolis, and for making provision for the greater security of persons passing through the streets, was issued on Saturday. There are twenty-nine sections in the Act, which is divided into two parts. The metropolis is defined to mean the city of London and all places within the jurisdiction of the Board of Works. The "general limits" of the Act means such parts of the metropolis as are enclosed in a circle of which the centre is Charing Cross, and the radii are four miles in length as measured in a straight line from Charing Cross. The expression "the special limits" of the Act is to mean such streets as may be declared to be special limits. As to scavengers, it is enacted that after the 1st of January next, between the hours of 10 in the morning and 7 in the evening, in such streets as may be named by the Commissioner of Police, no ashes, etc., are to be removed from a house, and no goods deposited or unloaded, under certain penalties, between the hours mentioned. Cattle are not to be driven through the streets in the hours stated without the permission of the Commissioner of Police, and the fines not to exceed 10s. each head of cattle. Within the general limits of this Act, the driver of a metropolitan stage carriage shall not stop such carriage for the purpose of taking up or setting down passengers at any part of a street except as near as may be to the left or near side of the roadway. For acting in contravention the fine is not to exceed 40s. Advertisements on carriages, etc., are prohibited, except those approved by the Commissioner, but the section is not to apply to the sale of newspapers. The Commissioner of Police may make "special limits," with the approval of the Secretary of State, and regulations may be made after notice as to the route of vehicles, etc., and for disobedience penalties are to be enforced, and within special limits no driver of a metropolitan carriage is to take up or set down. Certain rules are to be enforced as to the delivery of coals and timber, and as to hackney carriages. With respect to dogs, the police may take possession of any dog not under control, and detain the same until claimed and the expenses paid. The Commissioner may order dogs to be muzzled, the police to send a letter to the owner of any dog with a collar on and address. The Commissioner after three days may order a dog to be destroyed, and upon complaint that a dog has bitten or attempted to bite any person, a magistrate may order such dog to be destroyed. There are to be regulations as to shoe-blacks and messengers. Three or more persons assembling for betting in a street are to be deemed an obstruction, and each liable to a penalty of £5. No fare for a hackney carriage is to be less than one shilling. The Act is to take effect on the 1st of November.